

The North Country Maid,

To which are added,

The Irish Morsho,
The Rakes of Mallow,
The Young Man's Folly,
A new Song on Cappelquin.

12.



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seller and Stationer, Corner of Bridge-
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ness on cheaper Terms than at any other
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The Rakes of Mallow.

BEAUING, belling, dancing, sinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,
 Ever raking never thinking,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating bawds and whores and duns,
 Bacchus's true-begotten sons,
 Live the Raks of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians thinking,
 To raise the nations fund when sinking,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time flash of money store,
 Then as any poet poor,
 Kissing queens and then a w——e,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dada dying,
 Still for Mallow waters crying,
 But when there good Claret plying,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives,
 Going where the D——l drives,
 Keeping misses but no wives,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewarts teizing,
 Swiftly spending slowly raising,
 Wising to spend all our days,
 In raking thus at Mallow.

Thus to end a raking life,
 We grow sober take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

The Irish Morsho.

I AM a young rover, 'tis very well known
 To the humours of life I am certainly
 prone,

My love to the maids I would never deny,
 And how I proceed yon shall hear by & bye.

I travelled some nations and never cry'd
 stop;

And for my recreation I often took a drop,
 My spirits I cheer'd with good wine & bumbo
 But still I kept nsing my Irish Morsho.

I set sail from Dublin the eighteenth of June
 Resol'd to keep fuddling my pipes in full
 tune,

I landed at Bristol, and when I came there,
 They all at poor Paddy began for to stare.

I took up my quarters just when I did land
 Amongst noble tartars at old Mother Hands,
 The room full flock'd round me to view the
 new beau,

But little they knew of my Irish Morsho.

One of them stepped with me the picture
 to view,

No matter what pass'd, but believe me 'tis
 true,

Soon as she came down she gave them to
 know,

That I was the lad with my Irish Morsho.

She says, my dear Paddy, since you have
come here,

You shall be our darling our spirits to cheer,
So fill us more liquor, don't think we are
scant,

For while we've got money you never shall
want,

They threw down the shiners the reckon-
ing to pay,

No girls seemed more bucksome, blithsome
or gay,

My dear be contented, you never shall go,
But only keep using your Irish Morsho.

Cappoquin, a new Song.

FROM Cupid's darts my heart I must
release,

I'll sing no more his tragic scenes and plays,
Now I'm inspir'd with grand and noble lays,
Sweet Cappoquin I am resolved to praise.

The houses ranged in proper order are,
No ornaments are wanting I do declare,
It's situated handsomely and fair,
Never was there known such wholesome air.

A purling stream along the centre glides,
Which decorates the streets on e'ery side,
And I wish with pleasure that I were inspir'd,
To praise the Banks of the Black-water side:
Its verdant plains abound with vernal
flowers,

Eree from all noxious & destructive showers,
 What pleasing grottoes & delightful bowers,
 Are formed by the bright celestial bowers.

The landscape round about with country
 seats,

Belmount's and Prospect-hall of late,
 And many others which I could relate,

The assistance of the Muses I do entreat.

A curious Edifice in Belmount's found,
 For structure noble and architecture crown'd,
 It is by all conjunctively renowned,
 Which adds to the encomiums of this town.

The beauteous walks that do this seat
 surround,

By art reformed and by nature crown'd,
 Were you to trace this nation round & round
 So fine a place on earth could not be found.

I need not sing the Wooden-bridge most
 fam'd,

As strangers from all parts do it maintain,
 In pleasing raptures they do all exclaim,
 A greater wonder never nature fram'd.

Foreign traders thither have recourse,
 And noble statesmen from all princely courts,
 Along this river gently they do cruise,
 In vessels fit adapted for this use.

To angle here these nobles all resort,
 And never fail of meeting with good sport,
 For cruddy salmon and the silver trout,
 No other river does so far abound.

What pleasant objects strike the curious
 mind,

To see the lads to merriment inclin'd,
 Brave, courageous, generous and kind,
 All nations range, the like you'll ne'er find.

What beauteous damsels blooming young
 and gay,
 Admired by strangers and adored each day,
 And more than this I think I cannot say,
 For Cappelquin (by Jove) doth bear the sway.
 And if the muses all were to unite,
 To guide my pen and for me to indite,
 I am sure that all that they and I could write,
 Would fall far short to praise this town aright.

The Young Man's Folly.

NO verdant shades but oft I traced in
 hopes to meet reclusely,
 A virgin fair of lovely frame deck'd with
 each grace profutely,
 Her eloquence has my mind ensnared, my
 heart she lately wounded,
 O Heavens repair and lend me aid and leave
 me not confounded.

The pleasant dame would prove more fair
 than Polly rare and charming,
 Or Diana's train would her obey in cool
 retreats each morning,
 Her dangling hair her neck does grace, her
 limbs compleatly formed,
 Her skin more fair than snow or hail which
 left my brain disordered.

Unto some plantation I will steer as fortune seems bewildered,
 Not Neptune's waves nor Mar's bold train
 my intended course can hinder,
 Adieu my fair as I am betray'd may Angels
 be your guardians,
 Altho' from you I am forced away my heart
 lies in your arms.
 Her friends & parents me disdain & swear
 they will me hinder,
 O cruel treatment for a swain who means not
 to surrender,
 Tho' fate decreed that I must bleed, both life
 and limb I'll venture,
 Or gain the prize I long admire and live
 with you in splendor.

The beautiful North Country Maid.

MY love she was born in the North
 Country wide,
 With hills and lofty mountains around her
 on e'ery side,
 She's one of the fairest creatures that ever
 my eyes did see,
 She exceeds all the Maids in the North
 Country.
 My Father separated me from my dear,
 Which makes me sigh and shed many a tear,
 Asleep I do mourn and awake I do cry,
 And for the loss of my darling I'll die.

Come saddle my horse as I mean for to
 ride,
 In search of my true love whate'er will betide
 Over hills and lofty mountains I'll wonder
 and rove,
 And still be reflecting on my constant love.
 Had I all the treasure on the African shore
 Or had I all the gold the miser has in store,
 Or had I all the treasure that e'er my eyes
 did see,
 I'd part with it all for my love's company.
 My love she's as sweet as the cinnamon
 tree,
 My love she's as close as the bark to the tree,
 The top will wither and the root will decay,
 And fair Maids beauty will soon fade away.



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